

The Evening Times

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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Prosperous Porto Rico.

It is gratifying to learn from the third annual report of the commissioner of the interior for Porto Rico that an era of unexampled prosperity has begun in that island. The fact that these improved conditions are based upon agricultural betterment is additionally satisfying. The welfare of the people of Porto Rico is peculiarly a matter of keen solicitude to Americans, and nothing should be left undone in the line of our duty toward the Porto Ricans to insure their happiness and comfort. They welcomed with touching gladness the transfer of their allegiance from Spain to the United States, and have been unfailingly truthful to them. As a matter of course, they are utterly dependent upon us, and, therefore, the prosperity of their island will reflect high credit on us for our honest treatment of a helpless little people, just as the reverse would constitute an arraignment of our methods as bringing suffering upon them. The commissioner's report is pleasing, also, in that it suggests many reforms and improvements which, put into effect, cannot but increase the conditions of prosperity already attained.

A New Amusement.

The people of St. Louis have a new amusement on their hands. The phrase is used advisedly, most forms of artificial amusement being more in the nature of a duty than a pleasure. This one is a submarine pleasure railway, by which people are placed in hermetically sealed coaches and taken under water. The satisfaction given by this proceeding is probably that of doing something which one has never done before.

It may be, of course, that this submarine railway has been provided with mermaids, and sharks, and cuttle fishes, and sea weeds, preserved by proper methods, for the delectation of the passengers, and that enough electric light is shed along the route to make it possible to see through the semi-liquid medium of the Mississippi River. But if this has not been done it is difficult to understand how there can be anything exciting about it. The passengers could get just as much sensation by traveling with their eyes shut in an ordinary car.

But even supposing that everything possible had been done for the comfort and amusement of the travelers, that artificial attractions were dotted here and there along the route, and the water carefully filtered and illuminated so that they could be seen, where would be the recreation of the thing? One can understand the fascination of a diver's work, as he wanders about on the bottom of the sea, among strange corals and sea weeds and fishes, with the possibility of a sunken wreck ever in his mind; though it must be confessed that the diver, outside of books, seems to find but little romance in his business. He is usually a prosaic and literal-minded person, in it for cash, and the only sensational part of it to him is the possibility that the man at the other end of the line may be careless or idiotic enough to get the lines tangled or mistake his signals, in which case the diver would meet the singular

fate of drowning while remaining as dry as dust. This sort of excitement is cheap and unsatisfactory.

The diver's life is romantic—in books. But what in the name of common sense is romantic about getting into a car and being corked up like a bottle thrown into the sea, and carted along the bed of the Mississippi River in an atmosphere of peanut shells and bad tobacco, giggles and slang—the ordinary atmosphere of an excursion car? It is too much for the imagination to perceive.

The Solution of the Strike Problem

The Chicago school strike is said to have been settled out of court, and in a way which will meet the entire approval of most parents and all teachers. It was settled by means of the parental slipper. Sometimes it happens that when both theory and tradition fail, common, ordinary sense comes into play with gratifying results.

Thus it was in this case. Theoretically, of course, there can be no good government without the consent of the governed. Traditionally, the teacher of a school should be able to keep that school in order. But this was a case in which neither rule worked. The teachers could not go personally into the street and collect fifty children; nor could the children establish a republic without the consent of the school board. It was a time for original methods and short cuts; and the methods were as original as Eve's when she first took Cain across her knee and rebuked him for following in the footsteps of his disobedient parents.

The movement seems to have been due simply to primitive public sentiment, for there was no deliberate concerted action about it; no speeches, and no mass meetings. In one school where a strike was threatened, indeed, the principal did make a speech. He sent for the parents of the unruly pupils and stated that as he was forbidden by law to chastise them, he would suggest that the parents do as they saw fit. The result was that the offenders were convinced of the error of their ways then, there, and immediately. In the case of the other schools the argument took place at home, but seems to have been quite as effective. In fine, the parents of Chicago seem to have decided that they, and not their children, have the right to say whether or not those children shall go to school and behave themselves.

WINNOWN OPINIONS.

Roosevelt and Addicks.

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN.—It certainly looks as if the redoubtable Addicks must now revise his estimate that he himself is "another Theodore Roosevelt."

As to a Tariff Commission.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.—Congress is competent to investigate for itself the question of the revision of tariff schedules. Therefore there is no need of a commission. If one were to be created it would simply mean delay.

The Servant Problem.

BROOKLYN EAGLE.—There are many social questions calling for discussion and investigation. None of them is so far-reaching as this of providing a permanent supply of servants in a country whose political system repudiates and denounces all social caste lines.

It's Never Any Other Way.

NEW YORKERS manage to get a deal of enjoyment out of life, and it seems to me they have rather the best of us now in being the first to enjoy the new spectacle of marriages in a lion's den. This is the latest fad in the way of circus features, and young Harry Horn and Miss Therese Berg were the pioneers as principals in the field. They were made husband and wife before a tremendous audience at an animal show in St. Nicholas Garden recently, and the cage in which they stood was also perilously full of lions. In telling the story, however, the newspapers make one statement which is entirely superfluous and lacking in the news element. They declare that "the bridegroom was frightened and nervous, but the bride was quite calm and self-possessed." Why, of course; this is always the case, lions or no lions!

Do Not Be Discouraged.

IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" we used to be taught in my early school days, and I see that Miss Fannie Baker and Frank Westervelt, who were married the other day in Newark, N. J., have worked on this principle. They had made three preceding attempts at the performance, but on each occasion young Westervelt mysteriously disappeared. Somehow, though, he always seemed willing to undertake it again, and Miss Baker being determined, the fourth time proved the charm. This couple surely deserve to be congratulated, especially the young woman. It is not often that so bawky a courtship attains the goal originally aimed at.

The Spirit of Miss Jerdoot.

MISS JOSEPHINE JERDOOT, of Paterson, N. J., is the sort of girl who won't allow any man under the sun to place her at a disadvantage before folk. She was to have been married last Saturday night, but her promised husband failed to appear. Immediately Miss Jerdoot rigged up a stuffed straw man and placed him at the head of the table for the wedding feast, and when her friends came they had all sorts of fun with the dummy, the disappointed bride leading in the sport. There's pluck for you! It's almost a pity Miss Jerdoot isn't a man with this spirit. But there's the trouble—no girl would jilt so indomitable a man, while men, on the other hand, shiver at the thought of a strenuous woman of this type.

It May Solve the Problem.

JUST because a society woman at Fargo, S. D., has seen fit to permit her servant girl to use her house for a dancing party, the upper circles of Fargo are in a tremendous state of excitement and indignant protest. Yet it may be that the whole solution of the servant girl problem is contained in this latest concession. The most auto-

cratic maid could not but be induced to remain with one if she knew that, say, twice a month during the social season, she would be at liberty to entertain her guests in her mistress' house, upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber, as the old song has it, and thus be the hostess of as swaggy a function as heart could desire. And it's such a little concession, don't you know—the family could pack off for the night to almost any neighbor's, the latter knowing the favor would be returned when his servant girl's night to give a party came around.

They Will Become Good Americans.

EDAGOGUE DRAWBAUGH, who is the principal of a school in Steelton, Pa., evidently feels that he has a sort of Tower of Babel assignment of duty in so far as the confusion of tongues in his school is concerned. He advances the claim that there are more nationalities represented by the pupils under his direction than in any other public school in the State, pointing out that, of the fifty-three on the rolls, forty-eight are foreigners, and one of the five Americans is a negro. Nevertheless, the good teacher is right in proudly tackling the job confronting him. With Uncle Sam's assistance he will make staunch Americans of the entire outfit, just as has been done with many millions before his time.

Eugene Brun's Sense of Duty.

F AITHFULNESS to a sense of duty is a high quality, and it is evident that Eugene Brun, a Parisian con- cierge, possessed this quality to an exceptional degree. One Saturday night not long ago he decided to commit suicide, but postponed the deed until after midnight, in order that he should be on hand to open the door for late-coming tenants, as the weather was cold, and he did not wish them to suffer any inconvenience. Having thus performed his duty to the last, as his conscience dictated, he then proceeded to make his exit from the world's stage. Somehow, one cannot help wishing that a man of such steadfast fiber might have found this life more to his liking.

Made a Good Start.

GEORGE BLESSING and his company of amateur actors from York, Pa., doubtless feel deeply chagrined because their first audiences pelted them with over-ripe vegetables and unsavory eggs. Yet the fact is that they should be vastly encouraged. They have made the traditional and time-honored histrionic beginning, and, from such a start, they may hope to reach the very pinnacle of theatrical fame. Old eggs and moldy vegetables are so essentially a "property" of the dramatic life that the actor not familiar with them is as poorly grounded in his art as is the writer who doesn't know the smell of printers' ink. "JACQUES OF ARDEN."

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS.

BERLIOZ' "The Damnation of Faust" will be sung by the Philadelphia Choral Society at its first subscription concert, December 5. The soloists engaged are Ellison Van Hoose, tenor; Marie Kunkel Zimmerman, soprano; and Max Heinrich, bass. An extra concert will be given by the society Christmas week, when, by request, "The Messiah" will be sung.

M. OUMIROFF, a Bohemian baritone almost unknown in this country, will sing in New York for the first time Wednesday afternoon, December 3, in Mendelssohn Hall. Oumiroff came to America last summer on a pleasure trip and was immediately patronized by the ultra fashionable set at Newport and Bar Harbor. His song recital in New York may be followed by appearances in other cities.

ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON, a pleasing young actress, who was Richard Mansfield's leading woman last season, is to go to Australia to play the chief feminine role in "Secret Service," which is soon to have its first performance in Melbourne.

CLYDE FITCH'S latest play—and the rapidity with which this young dramatist turns out his pieces makes it somewhat hard to keep track of his "latest"—is called "The Bird in the Cage." It has its first presentation at Boston Monday night and the critics of the Hub seem to like it uncommonly well. The chief part is sustained by Sandoz Milliken, a young woman who has been with W. H. Crane, "The Liberty Bells," and several other prominent theatrical organizations during her stage career. She plays the "bird" in the comedy. Another member of the company is Edward Harrigan, formerly of the theatrical firm of Harrigan & Hart, who plays

the part of a champion of labor who never labors himself but is continually denouncing everybody and everything connected with capital. This is the first experience of the one-time famous Irish comedian on the legitimate stage since the New York public showed by its indifference to his offerings that it no longer cared for his comic plays that had brought wealth and fame to the Harrigan & Hart playhouse.

MAUD POWELL, the talented American violinist, continues to meet with success in England. She participated in three important concerts recently. At the first Sunday night concert in Queen's Hall, London, she played Tchaikovsky's violin concerto and it was received with approbation.

DANIEL FROHMAN gave a concert in Newark Monday evening. It was similar to those comprising his series at the Metropolitan House. Ossip Gabrilowitch, the Russian pianist, was the soloist, and played in conjunction with the Walter Damrosch Orchestra.

SCHUMANN-HEINK has been engaged as soloist with the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia upon the occasion of its first concert of the season at the Academy of Music December 18. She will sing the solo part in an important Brahms composition written for male chorus and contralto solo.

ROBERT V. FERGUSON, a character actor of more than ordinary attainments, is to be placed at the head of his own company in the near future, playing Eccles in a revival of "Caste." Mr. Ferguson has made a number of successes in important productions. One of his most notable achievements of recent

years was made in "Becky Sharp," with Mrs. Fiske. This season, Mr. Ferguson has been playing with one of the quartet of Proctor stock companies.

SUZANNE ADAMS has been engaged to sing the soprano solos in the New York Oratorio Society's performance of "The Messiah," which will be given on the afternoon of December 26 and the evening of December 27.

PADEREWSKI gave his only concert of the season in London recently. The lights were not turned on for the first part of the program, which was played in the twilight. Paderewski is as solicitous in the matter of lights as his recitals as of his piano. In the half light, which he always demands, a weird, almost uncanny, atmosphere is produced. Under no circumstances will he permit full stage lights.

RICHARD MANSFIELD will give Gotham its first view of his elaborate production of "Julius Caesar" at the Herald Square Theater, Monday night next. Five cities have already passed favorable judgment upon the performance, and Mr. Mansfield is not concerning himself greatly as to the manner in which his most important work of late years will be received by the theatergoers of the metropolises.

MAUD MACCARTHY, the Irish violinist, is only nineteen years old. She made her first appearance at the age of ten under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York and since that time has occupied a prominent position among leading concert musicians of Europe. Miss McCarthy made her American debut last week with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and immediately won the approval of the audience.

"Of Making Many Books There Is No End."

An Indiana Artist and His Bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Vawter are to spend the winter in Baltimore. Mr. Vawter is best known as the illustrator of many of James Whitcomb Riley's books, and his bride was Miss Mary Murray, a Baltimore artist. They were married in Chicago last week, the wedding being a surprise to Mr. Vawter's friends in Greenfield and Indianapolis, where he is very well known. In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Vawter will return to Indianapolis.

Holman Day's Stories of Maine.

An old schoolmate of Holman Day, the Maine author, says that his stories and poems of "Vine Tree" characters are almost all founded on fact, and are portrayals of real people in the town where he and Mr. Day were brought up. One of these characters, a deacon, who refuses to trade horses on Sunday, but does not refuse to accept the price of his horse, slipped into his hand at a time when he is not looking, is said to be drawn from Ed Wright, well known years ago in Bassalborough, Me.

Justin McCarthy's First Story.

Quicker enough, the first short story ever written by Justin McCarthy had a hero whose name was that of the man who was in after years so closely associated with McCarthy in political life—Farnell.

Mr. Fraser's Apprenticeship.

W. A. Fraser, whose novel "Thoroughbreds" is meeting with deserved success, had a long struggle for recognition as a writer of fiction. It is said of him that he bombarded the editor of an American paper until one day he sent in an animal story which proved to be the exception to the rule and did not come back to him. The editor became interested, corresponded with Mr. Fraser and suggested magazine writing, and success followed his efforts in course of time. The Canadian author has had experience in all parts of the world, including islands unknown to the reading public.

Another Indiana Author.

Alice Woods, the author of a whimsical little book of Bohemia, entitled "Edges," is a native of northern Indiana, and her experience has been much like that of the heroine of her book. She has studied art in the studios of New York and Paris, and in the Munich galleries. She came to feel that some of the ideas which she had could better be expressed in writing than in painting, and she put them into a book and had it published.

An Unwritten Epic.

The late Frank Norris, in an article published in the "World's Work," expressed the opinion that there is an unwritten Iliad in the life of the West. He describes the hero in vivid and picturesque language, such as he knew well how to use. A part of the description follows:

"The great figure of our neglected epic, the Hector of our ignored Iliad, is not, as the dime novels would have us believe, a lawbreaker, but a lawmaker; a fighter, it is true, as is always the case with epic figures, but a fighter for peace, a calm, grave, strong man who hated the lawbreaker as the hound hates the wolf."

"He died in defense of an ideal, an epic hero, a legendary figure, formidable, and he died facing down injustice, dishonesty and crime; died 'in his boots'; and the same world that has glorified Achilles and forgotten Travis finds none so poor to do him reverence. No literature has sprung up around him—this great character native to America. He is, of all the world's types, the one distinctive to us—peculiar, particular and unique."

Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo has rarely been more picturesquely described than by Edgar Saltus, who, in an article in "Ainslee's Magazine," thus creates a color photograph of it in words:

"The particular section of the Riviera which she had selected is, geologically speaking, a Mediterranean cliff, descriptively, it is a sublimity of Paris in a tropic frame; pictorially, it is a fairy-

land in duodecimo; socially, it is strati- cated with all the variegated hues of beautiful cosmopolitanism, and, familiarly, it is Monte Carlo. You may meet there kings, outlaws, demi-reps, professional beauties, cheap trippers, and Spanish grandees.

"In the air is a smell of vitriol and violets, of vice, patented, prodigal, and perfumed. There is not an old-fashioned virtue in the place. There are tears, though, rivers of them, heightened by the click of the ball on the roulette table, the call of the dealers at trente-et-quarante, the music and monotony of Rien ne va plus. People go mad there. Others kill themselves. Some fall in love."

Kipling's New Poem.

Kipling's new poem, "Pan in Vermont," presents the seedman as the tutelary deity of rural life in America.

A Clever English Author.

Elton Glyn, author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," is Mrs. Clayton Glyn, a sister of Lady Duff Gordon, and lives in Harlow, Essex.

THEY'RE COMING BACK.

They're coming back again, the long-gone years,
With all their joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
The old, old faces and familiar scenes,
The farm, the meadows of my boyhood dreams—
They're coming back.

They're coming back, the days that used to be;
Past youthful fancies that would fain decree
Unlock the flood gates of the yesterdays,
Let in old memories, that my heart may say:
They're coming back.

—Elbert Border Hermann.

JESTS IN SEASON.

He Never Smiled Again.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

Borum—I say, Miss Sharp, what's the difference between a woman and a monkey?

Miss Sharp—What is the distance from your chair to mine?

Borum—Oh, about six feet.

Miss Sharp—Well, that's the difference.

How Useful.

Baltimore Herald.

"President Roosevelt says that this bear hunt has been his first real vacation since he has been President."

"Yes, and it will save him from lots of annoyance for years afterward."

"How so?"

"Why, he can scare off long-winded office-seekers by starting to spin bear hunting yarns."

Fixing It.

Philadelphia Press.

"My price," said the merchant who had been asked to fix one for his business, and who was quite willing to sell out "is \$150,000; not a cent less."

"Make it just that much less," suggested the promoter, "and I think we can close the deal."

"How do you mean?"

"Make it \$149,999.99. The head of this syndicate is a woman."

Information Wanted.

Chicago News.

Mrs. Newed—What are those purple things?

Dealer—Eggplants, ma'am.

Mrs. Newed—Oh, how lovely! I'll take two and set them out in our back yard.

Do they bear fresh eggs all the year round?

The Point of View.

Baltimore American.

"I see" Dedesay is back from South America. Told me a friend there had written him there were such large openings in real estate."

"Yes, said he went down to see and found his friend was right. Earthquakes and volcanoes."

THE CAPTIVES OF THE CZAR A Stirring Novel of Siberian Exile By WM. MURRAY GRAYDON

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SYNOPSIS.

Victor Sandoff at thirty is head of the Russian secret service, succeeding his father, whose death he seeks to avenge. One night, in pursuit of a noted nihilist named Shamarin, he is himself captured, but is released by Vera Shamarin, sister of the nihilist, on condition that he will swear to grant her an equal favor on demand. Her opportunity comes a year later, when the police are again close on the trail of her brother. At Vera's demand, Victor agrees to help her. But the plot is overheard by Victor's lieutenant, Zamosov, who, already plotting Victor's downfall, seizes this opportunity to denounce him. Shamarin and his sister are captured and exiled to Siberia, whither ten days later, Victor follows them.

Two years pass, when Victor and Shamarin meet in the same prison. Shamarin, supposing that Victor has betrayed him, accuses him, but regrets his rash act on learning that Victor's plight is owing to what he has done for Vera and himself. Shamarin and Victor, as a punishment for fighting, are chained to their ladders and ordered to work apart from the others, under charge of a Cossack, at a place where the ground is particularly hard. Here Vera, who has escaped, is able to communicate with them and to furnish tools to assist them to break out that night and join her. They raise a floor board of their cell, which is on the ground floor, and crawl along the earth to the side wall, which is built of logs, and with some difficulty, remove it. They overpower the sentinel, Sandoff assuming his uniform and rifle, and meet Vera as agreed, just as the hearing of cannon announces that their escape is discovered. Vera learns that her brother's companion is Sandoff, and starts to tell the story of her own escape.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Down the Shilka.

"A FEW words will explain all," replied Vera, with forced calmness. "The women's prison at Lower Kara has been overcrowded of late, and I discovered accidentally that the governor intended to send some of the inmates to Irkutsk in a few days. I was to be included in that number. As this would have separated us forever, I determined to escape and then try and get word to you. For I knew you had been transferred to Middle Kara. I escaped from the prison at night by a broken window,

and went straight to the homes of the Free Command—to some people whom I knew in the prison, and who had been released on parole while I was there. These noble people—who once belonged to the revolutionary committee, but before your time, Felix—gave me stout boots, an abundance of warm clothing, a pistol and ammunition, a supply of food, even a little money, and the tools that I gave you yesterday. But this is not all. They gave me information that is more valuable than their gifts, for without it an attempt to escape at this time of year would be madness, indeed. They told me that on the bank of the Shilka River, less than a mile below Kara, lives a peasant who has a large boat; and some miles down the Shilka, just before it empties into the River Amur, stands a hut hidden in a dense wood. This hut was used last fall by some poor fellow who escaped from the mines. He stored a quantity of provisions there, intending to wait until spring and then strike for the coast, but one day when he had ventured out in search of game the Cossacks caught him and brought him back. But the hut was not found, and the store of food is probably still there. My friends gave me written directions for finding the hut, but I have no time to show them to you now. And so do you see my plan, Felix? We must get the boat, float down the Shilka River to this hut, and live there until spring opens. Then we will have our best to reach Vladivostok on the Pacific Coast, and once there we shall surely find, among the vessels of all nationalities in the harbor, one that will help us and bear up away to some free country."

"It is a noble plan," cried Shamarin. "My brave girl, I believe it will succeed. The obstacles in the way are many, but we won't stop to consider them now. We will try to look contin-

ually at the bright side. The first step is to reach the mouth of the Shilka River, which is about eight miles distant, as nearly as I can judge. Unfortunately, to get there we must pass three of the settlements, commencing with Middle Kara, but we can do so in comparative safety by making a circuit. Let us strike across the valley from here, so as to avoid the Kara River and the settlements, and then follow the ridge southward. That will bring us to the Shilka, and by tracing it for a short distance we shall come to the house where lies the boat. As yet the snow is not deep, and if we travel rapidly we can cover the distance by 2 o'clock in the morning. The danger of pursuit during that period of our escape is slight, for the snow will obliterate our footsteps before the Cossacks can trace us to this point. The chief danger lies in our track being discovered by prowling squads."

"And that is very improbable," said Sandoff. "It need not cause us much uneasiness. Your plan is a good one, Shamarin. Let us lose no time in carrying it out!"

"We can start at once," exclaimed Vera. "Wait until I get my things." She led the way to the top of the bluff, and showed them the spot that had served her as a hiding place for the past twenty-four hours—a dry, sheltered nook among rocks and dense bushes.

Shamarin took the bundle that contained his supplies—Sandoff assuming charge of the other package—and then at their top speed the little party of three crossed the Kara by the bridge of stepping stones, and headed due east across the valley. Its level surface—barely two miles wide—was crossed in safety, and after ascending the range of low foothills the fugitives turned to the south and followed the line of the ridge. The wisdom of Shamarin's plan now became apparent, for but little snow had forced its way through the young tim-

ber, and they were able to travel rapidly. The successive settlements were passed at a distance. Twice the crisp air bore to the fugitives the muffled tramp of hoofs, but the sounds remained at a distance and finally faded away.

At length about 2 o'clock in the morning, as near as could be guessed, the lights of Ust Kara, the settlement nearest to the mouth of the river, showed them that the first stage of their journey was nearly at an end. They felt no fatigue. Even Vera had indignantly refused her brother's offer of assistance, and in spite of the bitter cold they were all fairly warm from the brisk speed at which they had been traveling.

Presently the ridge began to slope downward until they were on level ground, and after crossing a belt of pine forest, less than half a mile wide, they emerged on a low bluff and the River Shilka was below them. For a moment they contemplated the scene in silence, and not without some dread, for the pale glow of the moon showed the river to be clogged with huge cakes of ice, whirling down stream with a great grinding and crushing, while each shore was frozen solidly for a distance of some yards from the bank.

"It will be perilous work," muttered Shamarin to himself, "perilous work!" Then he said aloud, "Well, now for the next step. In what direction is that to be? Up stream or down?"

"Down, I think," replied Vera. "We are hardly a mile from the Kara as yet. The house must be close at hand, though."

"Down it is, then," said Shamarin. He led the way to the beach and thence along the snow covered pebbles, until, on rounding a sharp bluff, the fugitives caught sight of a tiny cabin standing near the water's edge, in the shadow of a clump of pine trees. Shamarin crept forward alone to in-

vestigate, and presently came back with a joyful face.

"All right," he announced; "no ice is stirring in the cabin, and I have found the boat. Follow me with as little noise as possible."

The boat was lying in a rude covered shed within a yard or two of the river, and had not been used for so long a time that its keel was frozen tight. The united efforts of the two men freed it, and then they began to drag it over the intervening section of beach, very slowly and cautiously, for the cabin was not ten yards away. When they got it on the belt of firm ice it moved more easily, and they pushed it forward, sounding each step of the way until it was almost on the edge of the whirling black water. The boat was apparently in good condition, and had three seats, one in the middle and one at each end. The owner had probably used it to ferry passengers across the river.

Then Sandoff went back to the shed, and returned with two long iron pointed boat-hooks, and a pair of paddles.

"Now get in, Vera," said her brother, "and Sandoff and I will push the boat into the water and make a leap for it."

But the girl drew back and took a shining gold coin from her pocket. "Wait just a moment," she entreated. "I want to give this to the poor man who owns the boat.